

Holly Throsby, Don't Be Howling

I get home after one and the dog looks drunk
He should walk it off with that little strut he does
Yes, I dug up the dirt and heard from little birds who'd gotten hurt
That you were mean before me, love
You could throw a stone, but can't we all?
So we man our shops and fix up where the kids have picked the locks
And then the moon makes wolves of us
And we battle lust

But don't follow me now
Don't be howling

You're too much, you're too soon
You want me to come up to your room
And I want to too but I'm with him and you're with you
So what do we do now?
The world throws up a hundred little clues
And they all seem as doomed as us and it cuts and cuts

But don't follow me now
Don't be howling
'Cause the feelings turn and the turning hurts
The wings of birds and the arms of girls

You've gone and lost your shoes and now you curse me and I curse you
You're gone in the woods and now you're hurting and I hurt too
You've gone and got me good
You know you got me good and you knew you would